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Signatures of pastors of churches in the city of New York : Thomas McAuley, D. D. LL. D.; John Knox, D. D.; W. W. Phillips, D. D.; Erskine Mason, D. D.; Thomas E. Vermilye, D. D. Jacob Van Vechten, D. D., Schenectady. A. G. Linton, D. D., Schoharie.

I concur fully with the beautiful sentiment in favor of peace, by the Hon. John Quincy Adams.—GEORGE R. DAVIS, late Speaker of the Assembly of the State of N. Y.

Having been engaged in five general battles during the late war, in one of which I was twice shot, and having seen the horrors of war in all its forms, I do most fully concur in the sentiment of the Hon. J. Q. Adams.

E. SHALER, late Captain of the United States Army.

*Fort Howard, Green Bay, W. T.*

I concur with all my heart in the sentiment by John Quincy Adams.  
J. J. ROBERTS Governor of Liberia.

#### SOLDIERS IN CANADA.

The following is taken from a letter of the Rev. D. Sutherland to the Congregational Journal, and gives a glimpse of the war-system in repose, of the warrior reclining upon his arms in a time of peace. It is the fairest aspect, the sunniest side of the system, yet exhibits an immense waste of money, and time, and moral character. We are glad to witness the tone and spirit of the venerable writer, and trust the day is coming when *all* ministers of the Prince of Peace will feel and speak in the same way.

“The topic on which I wish now to make some remarks is *the military aspect of Canadian society*. Not being in the habit of seeing regular soldiers of a standing army for nearly half a century, their appearance struck me strongly, and, I must say, unpleasantly. Being a firm believer in peace principles, and in the habit of praying earnestly for the arrival of that period when man shall learn war no more; and, moreover, hoping that the time will come when men shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, I can have no pleasure in belligerent demonstrations. That the condition of society spoken of by the prophets, when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard lie down with the kid, the lion shall eat straw like the ox, the sucking child play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child put his hand on the cockatrice’s den, has not yet arrived, is too painfully manifest.

“On a stranger’s entering the city of Montreal, he might imagine himself to be entering one of the European cities, especially if an European himself. The streets, the buildings, both as to materials and form, the vehicles of conveyance, public and private, the very aspect of the people, but especially the plentiful mixture of *soldiers* he sees scattered among the inhabitants, are all different from any thing he sees in the States. The number of troops kept in the city I understand to be 2,000, principally infantry, with a proportionable number of cavalry. About the same number I understood to be in garrison at Quebec, that great citadel of North America. How many more armed men are spread over the whole territory of both Canadas, I have no means of knowing.

“To a person who has never seen a soldier in British uniform, the first appearance must strike him very oddly. This would be particularly the case with a Scotch Highland regiment now at Montreal. He could hardly help smiling at the fine looking figure before him. Take any individual; there he is, a finely formed man, full six feet high, with every member of symmetrical proportions. On his head is a fine ‘bonnet of blue,’ surmounted by dashing plumes of black ostrich feathers; over his left shoulder his tartan plaid is gracefully thrown, which, coming round under his right arm,

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falls tastefully by his side ; his lower limbs are covered by his philabeg, in front of which is a wide sort of pouch, to which a number of silk tassels are appended ; his knees are bare ; his gaiters are tied an inch above the calf of his brawny legs with a red ribbon in a flourish of a bow-knot, the ends falling down to his ankles. When a whole regiment of such men are marshalled on the beautiful parade-ground of Montreal, their appearance is truly grand.

" If I could detach the idea of the *trade* of soldiers from their appearance, I should consider it rather pretty than otherwise. But the trade of the soldier I regard with horror. The young man who enters the British army enlists, for a trifling bounty, for a period of twenty-one years, *for the purpose of killing his fellow-mortals, with an equal chance of being killed himself.* And meantime he subjects himself to the caprice, tyranny and even cruelty of such persons as may have the chance of having the rule over him. Of this I had a small specimen as I was passing the parade-ground one day. A subaltern was drilling a company ; his great object seemed to be to have the men draw and return their ramrods in true soldier-like style ! One man happened not to do this important business to the liking of the officer of brief authority, who, after some abusive language, ordered the unfortunate wight out of the ranks. But this mortification was small in comparison with the caning and flogging which are inflicted so unmercifully on the soldiers of all standing armies.

" Whilst looking with a good deal of interest at these stout men whom I encountered hourly in the streets of Montreal, dressed up in all the fantastical style peculiar to military men, I could not help exclaiming, mentally, Of what use ? To what purpose this waste of physical strength ? For I consider soldiers to be an idle race. What will become of these men, should they survive their miserable servitude ? The only answer that occurred is found in the affecting interrogations of James, ' Whence come wars and fightings among you ? Come they not hence even of your lusts, that war in your members ? '

" The manner of life of a soldier, it is notorious, is extremely unfavorable to morals. Such are the propensities and tendencies of human nature, that when masses of men are congregated together, and especially with much idle time on their hands, they almost invariably corrupt each other. And on this account I consider armies and navies the slaughter-houses of souls. There may be, and probably there are still, as of old, some '*devout soldiers.*' And I suppose there are as many of this character in the Highland regiments, to which I have referred, as can be found in the British service. I was told that every man had a Bible, and that they were also members of the Scottish established church ; and although both these facts put together are no proof of genuine piety, yet they argue well for the interests of morality. Like Scotchmen generally, I understood they were very tenacious of national customs and habits. When stationed in Ireland, it seems they were marched to the parish church to attend Episcopal worship. On entering the house, the band commenced playing a Scottish air, '*This is not our home,*' and continued till the commanding officer ordered the music to stop. Immediately as the service closed, the band struck up another national air, '*We'll ne'er come back to this toun again.*' At another time, the regiment was stationed at a country town in England, where they were marched to the parish church. But they refused to enter, stating to the colonel, by a deputation, that by his orders they came so far, but conscience forbade them to go farther ; and when these two claims came in conflict, they had no hesitation which to prefer. The magnanimous officer treated the matter respectfully, and procured the services of a Dissenting clergyman, who ministered to their edification."